

## Maupin's Way of Thinking...

Prepared Specially for the Herald, By  
Will M. Maupin.

### MAUPIN'S WAY OF THINKING—AFTER THE BATTLE.

Election's past and lost or won, according as you view it.  
But if you've lost just ginger up; it does no good to rue it.  
There's much to do to push ahead the town in which you're living.  
So grab a hold and don't let go, your best assistance giving.  
Don't knock! The knocker is a man who injures all his neighbors,  
And strives to nullify the good they do by public labors.  
Don't knock! But when a move is made yield to it your compliance  
And help to whoop it good and strong for booming young Alliance.  
Election's past and won or lost—'tis useless to regret it;  
And if you've had it handed you 'tis best that you forget it.  
There's work that you should haste to do—a work that's now awaiting.  
So grab a hold and set to work, new ways of trade creating.  
Don't knock! For God a knocker hates with hatred that's eternal,  
And has for him a punishment in red-hot climes infernal.  
Don't knock! But when a move is made bid failure flat defiance,  
And join the crowd and set to work for hustling young Alliance.  
Election's past and we have won—or else we've been snowed under—  
And now the game of politics can quickly go to thunder.  
There's work on hand that's calling us and won't take no for answer,  
And there's enough that must be done to call out every man, sir.  
Don't knock! This life's too short for that; spit on your hands and rustle.  
Let's set a pace that other towns to keep in sight must hustle.  
Don't knock! But in a future bright let's put our full reliance,  
And whoop it up until the world knows where to find Alliance.

Every now and then some knowledgeable confidentially gives out the information that he knows the Commoner is a losing proposition and that Mr. Bryan now heartily wishes himself out of it. There are a few Lincoln republicans who are occasionally called east, and on these occasions they never lose an opportunity to "knock."

Now it's nobody's business, save the men who advertise therein, what the Commoner is doing in a business way, but for the benefit of a few who seem wonderfully interested therein I will say that between July 1 and October 1 of the present year of our Lord, 1902, the Commoner added upwards of 45,000 subscribers to its list—all new and all paid a year ahead. We know a whole lot of live republican newspapers that would like to be that "dead."

Next November there will be one justice of the supreme court and two regents of the State University to elect. Wait for next November.

It is often remarked that "corporations have no souls," which may be true, but most men who manage corporations have souls. The retirement of Edward Dickinson from the position of general manager of the Union Pacific may not be of especial interest to Alliance people, but it is of especial interest to the writer. Here and now I want to add my voice to the general tribute to his ability and character, and to again express my obligations to him for a great service he rendered me in one of the darkest periods of my life.

Four years ago next Thanksgiving day my baby boy was stricken with the dread disease, diphtheria. Mother and babe were visiting in North Bend, Neb., and I was at my desk in the World-Herald office. A telegram summoned me to North Bend, and when I arrived there the physician told me that an operation was the only chance of saving the baby's life. There was not a moment to spare. I called up Gilbert M. Hitchcock by telephone and he called up the leading surgeon of Omaha. He then called up General Manager Dickinson and asked if a special could be run from Omaha to North Bend, explaining the circumstances.

"An engine and way car will be at the depot when the surgeon gets there," said Mr. Dickinson.

And it was. The surgeon and his assistant boarded the way car, the engineer opened the throttle and the special started. One regular passenger train and two regular freight trains were sidetracked to make way for that special, and in just 70 minutes the distance of sixty-one miles between Omaha and North Bend was covered—the surgeon arriving at the bedside of the baby in an hour and a half after I had spoken to Mr. Hitchcock.

It was, however, too late to save the little one, and he passed into life eternal before the surgeon's work was well begun.

Mr. Hitchcock guaranteed the payment of the special, and a week afterwards "Sandy" Woodbridge, city editor of the World-Herald, went down to Union Pacific headquarters to pay for it. He asked how much it was and Mr. Dickinson named the regular rate for a special train, \$2 a mile.

Woodbridge started to fill out the check and while he was writing Mr. Dickinson asked him about the result of the trip. As Woodbridge told the story of the baby's death the tears came to Mr. Dickinson's eyes and he nervously fumbled the papers on his desk. Then he reached over and took the check from Woodbridge's hand, tore it up and threw the pieces into the waste basket.

"Tell Maupin I sympathize with him. There'll be no charge for the special. Excuse me, please; I'm very busy today."

Is it any wonder the employees of the Union Pacific are sorry to see Edward Dickinson go? My story is but a feeble example of his character. He was the steadfast friend of every employee of the road, no matter how humble, and each one, from section man to chief clerk could approach him and find a sympathetic listener.

If in his future work Mr. Dickinson accomplishes for himself and his employees all I wish for him and them, then he and they will have all that mortal men can desire.

There is a man in Lincoln who is very frank and honest, as this true little story will attest.

He is given to using tobacco to excess, knowing that it is injurious. But he loves the weed. Some time ago his wife persuaded him to try a well advertised cure for the tobacco habit, and for two weeks he took it religiously and according to directions. Then he threw the medicine away.

"What on earth did you throw it away for?" queried his wife.

"Cause the d-d stuff was curing me," he replied.

Chancellor Andrews knows how to talk to young men. He is not a spread-eagle orator, but has a plain, blunt way of saying things, and the University boys respect him for it. After the Minnesota football game, in which Nebraska won a notable victory, the students took the town in their delirium of joy, and perpetrated some things that were not exactly right.

Chancellor Andrews said nothing until a day or two before the game with the Haskell Institute team. Then he made a little talk during the convocation period in which he counseled moderation. "Don't do anything that injures property, young men. Rejoice over victories, and I'll rejoice with you. But do no wrong. I would rather see you beaten by the Indians than see you beaten by the devil."

That was all, but the boys caught the force of the remarks. They defeated the Indians overwhelmingly and had a great jubilee, but they conducted it like young gentlemen.

During his campaign W. H. Thompson advanced an argument that opponents of government ownership of the coal mines would do well to ponder over. He cited the case of the irrigation law, and then said: "If it is right and proper for the government to take the waters that flow down the mountain sides, store it and direct it over the arid lands for the benefit of mankind, why would it not be proper for the government to take the coal that lies beneath the ground and store it and direct it for the benefit of mankind?"

Will some opponent of government ownership please answer?

By the way, is there any reason why Alliance should not be the central wholesale distributing point for all points north, south and west on the Burlington lines?

Thanksgiving day ought to be a great day for all of us. The winners may be thankful they won and the losers may be thankful that they are alive. Let us all give thanks.

I know a family in Lincoln that could make good use of a turkey on Thursday, November 27th. It needn't be such a gosh-awful big one, either, but it would taste better if it came from Alliance. Of course I'm not going to give the name of the family, but if some good Samaritan in Alliance

will provide the turkey I'll see that the family gets it.

Dr. Horn is writing mighty interesting letters. Perhaps he does not pose as a humorist, but in his letter last week he perpetrated a delicious bit of humor. Speaking of Great Salt Lake he mentioned the saline properties of the water and said: "Once tasted it will never be forgotten." If ever you have tasted it you'll appreciate the humor of the remark. Wow! There's only one thing that "nigger gin" won't remove, and that's the taste of Salt Lake water. Ever drink "nigger gin"? It's made of turpentine, rainwater and Orleans sugar.

There's a young lady in Lincoln who knows more about photography now than she did six months ago. When the Burlington passenger department announced some valuable prizes for the best photos of Nebraska scenery this young lady determined to enter the contest. She read up on amateur photography and invested a neat little sum in a camera. She made several excursions and took numerous shots at the scenery she selected. Then she took the plates to a photographer for development.

The photographer sought in vain to develop something, but despite his best efforts the plates failed to show a mark. When the young lady called for her negatives the photographer asked her a few questions.

"O, I just selected the objects I wanted to photograph," she exclaimed, "and pointed the tube at them. Then I pressed the bulb."

"Is that all?" queried the photographer.

"Why, yes; that's what the directions said."

Then the photographer retired into his dark room and laughed, and laughed and laughed.

The young lady had forgotten to take the metal cap from the lens.

This consignment of stuff was written late Monday night. If it isn't up to standard please make due allowances for a few things. It is the night before election and the writer don't know whether he is licked or a winner. Trying to write under such circumstances has its drawbacks. At 11:29 p. m., November 3, it looks as if I am defeated for the senate by a majority ranging anywhere between 1,800 and 77,000. But, thank the Lord, there's a bushel of taters in the cellar and 4,000 pounds of hard coal in the coal shed. If anything more is needed the Lord will provide.

Captain W. R. Akers will give his lecture, "Jerusalem," at Lakeside Sunday evening, November 16. The captain will also speak at the morning service. For the evening there will be moonlight and with the ranchers distance is no embarrassment. The lecture is highly spoken of. Let there be a large attendance. No admission fee is charged.—CHAS. H. BURLEIGH, Pastor.

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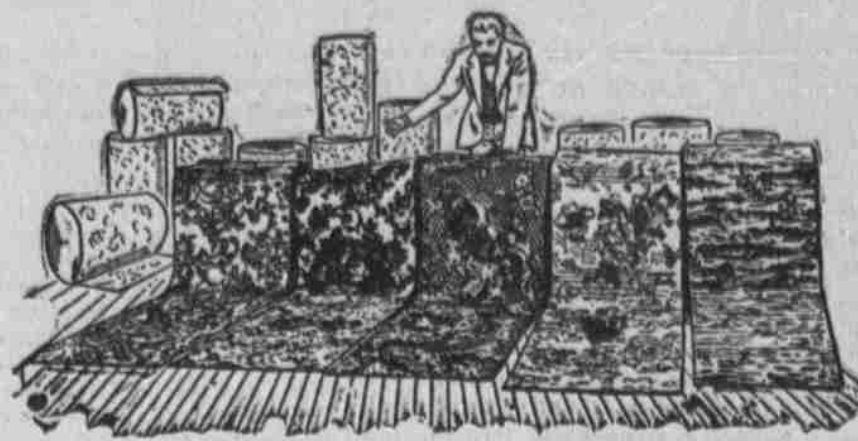
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(Road No. 44.)

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The commissioner appointed to examine a road commencing at the northwest corner of section 13, township 27, range 49, in Dorsey precinct, Box Butte county, Nebraska, running thence south between sections 13 and 14, 23 and 24, 33 and 34, 35 and 36, terminating at the southwest corner of section 36 of township 27, range 49, has reported in favor of the establishment thereof, and all objections thereto or claims for damages must be filed in the county clerk's office on or before noon of the 8th day of December, A. D. 1902, or said road will be laid out without reference thereto.  
S. M. SMYER,  
County Clerk.

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